

Merry Moments With Humorists

The Lodgers' Union

By H. M. Egbert.

I am one of that large and unfortunate class that lives in hall bedrooms and "square" rooms—invincible title; our meals being composed of a preponderance of prunes and hash, while for breakfast we have the alternative between ham or egg. In other words, I am a lodger in boarding houses.

I had been out of the city for a few months, and on my return was startled by the alteration in Mrs. Pruyn's appearance. Her buxom figure had shrunk to moderate dimensions; her face was wreathed in smiles; while the house seemed to have been freshly decorated and painted.

"I'd like to take you in, Mr. First-front," she said falteringly, "but are you a member of the Lodgers' Union?"

"What's that?" I inquired. Then she explained. The lodgers, it appeared, had formed a union for the preservation of their rights, and I must prove to the secretary that I had had the lodger habit for six months or more; upon which I could receive a card, pay my dues and become a resident in Mrs. Pruyn's boarding house until called out to sleep in the parks in the event of a strike.

After being browbeaten by a beetle-browed individual at the union's offices I secured my card. I noticed on it the following rules:

"Boarding houses of the class 'A' (my class) shall charge the following terms, to wit: Five dollars a week for a large room with not more than four or less than three windows; four dol-

lars for rooms known as square; three dollars for hall bedrooms.

"Hash shall be served not more than once a month.

"Prunes are restricted to the first Monday in Lent and such days of



"Shall Sit Next the Landlady's Youngest Daughter in Rotation."

national humiliation and prayer as the president shall see fit to appoint.

Whereas ham and eggs are the natural sustenance of the human race, they shall never be divorced.

"An unlimited supply of hot water shall be provided at every hour of

Some of the Best Things Written by the Acknowledged Masters.



the day and night; nor shall the said water ever refuse to flow by reason of its being drawn off in the basement.

"Rents may be paid monthly, at the end of each month; but should the boarder be temporarily inconvenienced, credit may be extended at the discretion of the union.

"Landladies shall smile in a pleasing, but not too emphatic, manner whenever accosted by tenants, and they shall carefully abstain from that form of hilarity known as the forced, or boarding-house, laugh.

"Every boarder shall be of the variety known as 'star,' and shall sit next to the landlady's youngest daughter in rotation."

"I hardly dare to offer you this apartment, Mr. First-front," said Mrs. Pruyn, indicating a spacious, newly-decorated apartment extending along the entire length of the house. "The furniture, as you may see, has not been renovated for several weeks, and the silver plating on that left faucet is slightly dimmed. Nevertheless, it you will condescend to pay me four dollars a week for it, I shall be proud to place it at your disposal, with meals, of course, thrown in."

I was too stunned to speak.

"My housekeeper will bring you hot water for shaving at any time you wish to be called," Mrs. Pruyn continued. "And will you kindly indicate the hour at which you wish your shoes polished and your clothes valeted?"

Then I awoke. I had to know that I should, because it was too good to last. But I shall never forget Mrs. Pruyn's charming smile.

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village was as light as day—only it was the delirium tremens of natural light and folks couldn't sleep. Roosters crowed all the time. Hens laid eggs till they died of exhaustion. And—

"But, first, the money!"

"Ed?" murmured the old man.

"Money? Oh, yes, Jim, to quit."

"If he got it, I can get it," cried Edgar, rising.

"Suppose we talk about that when I come back from Freeman's."

"You are to stay here another week," grins declared Edgar.

"Then I'm free to confess you can get it as well as Jim did," said Ed, breathing in deep relief. "That's June, I swear! Two hundred!"

"Why two hundred, Ed?" pleaded Edgar in dismay.

"It's too bad this way," gently explained the old man. "While you can let that stuff loose any time, you can only capture it in January."

Late into the evening the harsh observations of Edgar, as he rebuked the placid-eyed cattle, made a discord of the night.

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Medium-Sized Journeys

By Strickland W. Gillilan.

John Q. Pestalozzi was born in 1746 in Zurich, Switzerland, the country in which, through natural processes of decay, Roquefort cheese was unveiled to the succeeding centuries. People who knew Pestalozzi best accented his name on first syllable.

He is said to have founded modern pedagogy, and many an indignant parent is sorry he died before they had a few words with him. His first crack out of the box was the statement that educational methods should be intelligent—a statement so absurd that the whole educational world laughed till it had to be pounded on the spleen. The principle has never been unduly insisted upon since.

Pestalozzi farmed awhile, but failed to make it pay. This experience is common, especially among those who take to farming because they are too impractical to do anything else successfully. Failure is largely a disease, and until you get cured of it you might just as well remain out of any regular business. People who noticed the pedagogical-looking gentleman trying to farm while wearing congress gaiters, a collar and tie, and planting dried apples in alternative rows with the pea plant in an effort to Luther Burbank a few dried-apple pies, had all they could do not to believe the old man a little mite dippy.

Failing at the farm work he again went to teaching, reasoning thus: "I'm too intelligent for this kind of work. It needs a lower order of intellect. Me to the young idea and its shooting lessons."

So he tried to combine the farm of 100 acres, which he couldn't sell, with the teaching game. He had a sort of a Squeers scheme of making the pupils hoe the lettuce and bug the potatoes and weed the spinach while he taught them how to extract the cube-root from numbers that were suffering from that malady. Finally the parents of the little Smiths and Nicholases got hep to the old man's graft and took the children home. They were called "unsympathetic parents" because they sympathized with their children instead of old Pest.

In 1780, after the kid-farm had

failed, he was down to cases financially, and consequently wrote a good deal. He stated in his writings at that time that education should begin at the cradle. He reasoned that if the unwedged infant knew the multiplication table the sorrows of the world would pack up and go elsewhere. No lie thought.

He wrote a book on "psychologizing education" that nobody understands. It was published in installments in the puzzle department of the Zurich



Making the Pupils Hoe the Lettuce

Evening Palladium, and Sam Lloyd is still jealous of Pestalozzi. As a systematizer, he was a failure and every body said that all his system of education needed was systematizing.

He did very little harm in a special way, his only bad break being the founding of the child-study fad, which has been a great thing for people who have one or fewer children and aren't such very good parents of even the solitary chick they have. He could talk meaningless mother-talk longer without stopping for breath, than Ed die Howard grigs of the present day, which is going some.

He died in 1827, in the firm belief that his life had been a failure. It is rude to contradict our elders.

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BECAME HERMIT WHEN GIRL DIED

RECLUSE IN MAINE MOUNTAINS REVEALS ROMANCE WHICH DROVE HIM TO SOLITUDE.

WORKED LONG TO WIN BRIDE

Returning to Claim Her, After Three Years' Absence, He Met the Funeral Procession Carrying Her Body to the Grave.

Bangor, Me.—Far up the valley of the Crooked river, in Washington county, beyond the limits of the logging camps, lives Jack Wilber, the hermit of Peaked mountain, who for 13 years has dwelt in solitude in a log hut.

Something of a mystery has always surrounded this slender, palefaced recluse, whose physique did not seem strong enough to withstand the hardships of a winter in the Maine woods, and who in every way appeared unfitted for the life which he had chosen to lead.

It was known that Wilber had to his credit \$30,000 in a local bank, and this made his conduct all the more inexplicable to those who knew of his lonely existence.

The explanation has, however, been provided by two lumbermen, who returned to Machias from a trip through the Crooked River valley and who partook one night of the hospitality of the hermit. They induced him to tell his story, which reveals the causes which induced him to forever isolate himself from the haunts of civilization.

This romance of his life, he says, he has never told before.

"My home was in the west," said Wilber, "and when I was yet a young boy my parents died and I was entrusted to the care of a uncle and aunt who lived in Montana. My new guardians seemed to resent the additional burden which had been thrust upon them, and my life with them was not pleasant.

"As I became older the slights became still more unbearable, and had



"Yes, Jack," She Replied, "I Will Wait for You Three Years."

It not been for the growing attachment between myself and their daughter, Mary Stoningham, I would have long before started out to find employment and, if possible, a less irksome existence.

"One night, when I was about 20 years old, I asked Mary if she would trust me and wait for me three years. During that time, I said, I would earn enough money so that we could get married and go east.

"Yes, Jack," she replied, "I will wait for you three years, and I know I can trust you."

"The story of my attempts to gain a living for the next two years is not of especial interest, but at the end of that time I succeeded in purchasing a building lot of L. P. Small, who owned a large ranch in southern California, and by whom I was employed. Soon after natural gas was discovered on the ranch, and I sold my section of it for \$20,000.

"The three years were nearly up, and my first thought was of Mary Stoningham, with whom I had been in constant communication.

"When I arrived at the little town where she had lived with her parents I deposited my money in a bank and then started for Mary's home.

"On the way I met a funeral procession. I asked a former acquaintance who was dead. His reply shattered in a moment the air castles which I had been building, for he told me that my sweetheart had died only two days before, after a brief illness.

"My money now seemed valueless to me. All the charm of life had gone. I did not feel that I could meet my uncle and aunt, so I immediately withdrew my money from the bank and took the first train east. I kept on in that direction until I came to the wilds of Washington county, in Maine, in the easternmost part of the country, and here I erected my log hut. Here is where I shall always stay."

"When I go it shall be to meet Mary, and until then the loneliest place is none too lonely for me."

Pennsylvania leads all the states in the amount of personal property within the state's borders subject to taxation.

YOUNG MAN-FRIGHTENED INTO PROFOUND SLEEP

NO TRIED MEANS HAS BEEN ABLE TO AWAKE YOUTH WHOSE CASE PUZZLES PHYSICIANS.

Philadelphia.—When Louis Cohen, a young Russian, who boards with Hyman Weinstein on Green street, is frightened he almost immediately falls asleep.

Once somnolent, there is no telling when he will awake again. It may be days or it may be weeks. At present he is in the hospital and is sleeping as though wound up for a month to come.

The case is one of the most puzzling, the hospital physicians say, that they have come across. Every effort has been made to awaken him without success.

To electric shocks he has proved impervious. Douches of ice water have



Douches of Ice Water Have Not Disturbed Him.

not disturbed him, nor have baths of almost scalding water. Not even the pricking of pins has served to rouse him.

The doctors have decided now to sit down and wait until the young man has finished his nap.

A peculiar feature of Cohen's affliction is that he seems to be able to sleep without food for an indefinite period without suffering.

Three months ago, when he dropped into a daze the last time he was frightened, he slept for two weeks on a stretch. When he finally awoke he dressed, picked up his dinner bucket, and went to work as though nothing had happened.

This time Cohen's nap was superinduced by an experience he had with a policeman. He was out late the other night and did not seek his home until three o'clock in the morning.

When he reached the house he found he had forgotten his key. He cordially, he pounded on the door. While waiting for some one to open he was grasped by a policeman.

"What are you doing here?" the cop asked, gruffly.

Cohen trembled. The appearance of Weinstein saved him further trouble, but he staggered, Weinstein says, and was barely able to reach his bed. Then he threw himself down, half dressed, and went sound to sleep.

In the opinion of the physicians who worked over him the young man's trouble is of a nervous nature. Following a fright or shock, it would seem there is a reflex action which leads to sleep almost immediately.

Against this tendency Cohen seems unable to exert any mental force. This is considered the more remarkable, as Cohen is an unusual specimen of physical strength.

FIGHTS WILD CAT FOR LIFE.

Poultry Raiser Encounters the Beast Among Chickens and Desperate Battle Ensues.

Middletown, Conn.—John Simonton, a poultry raiser at Deep river, near here, had a desperate battle for his life with a 50-pound wild cat, according to the story which has just reached here.

Simonton heard a noise among the chickens before daylight, and when he opened one of the henhouses he encountered the wild cat. As Simonton's dog jumped at the brute the animal turned and struck Simonton a blow with one paw that tore his head open.

He seized a club just as the beast sprang for his face. He missed, and the cat sank its claws into his arms. He shook it off, but it leaped again. They went down together, and for 15 minutes were engaged in a terrible struggle, with the dog assisting his master the best he could.

Simonton finally brought the club down on the wild cat's head killing it, but not until he had been frightfully lacerated.

Eel Wins Midair Battle.

Oak Orchard, Del.—A midair fight for life on the part of a three-foot salt water eel, made captive by a hawk, entertained cottagers and fishermen here and finally ended in the release of the eel.

The battle was won by the eel wrapping its folds around the hawk's wings, rendering it helpless to fly. For nearly five minutes the fight continued, but the eel was too large for the bird and the hawk was finally defeated and compelled to drop the big eel back into the river.

PINCHOT TO SUCCEED ANGELL

Chief Government Forester Likely to Be Named Head of Michigan University, It Is Said.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—A name that is being favorably discussed on the campus as a suitable successor to Dr. James H. Angell as president of Michigan university, is that of Gifford Pinchot, chief forester of the United States. When the name first came up for discussion it was favorably received by almost every member of the faculty, regardless of whatever other



Gifford Pinchot.

preferences they may have had for other candidates. Said one man, who is at the head of one of the departments:

"In my mind, Mr. Pinchot is one of the likeliest men that has been named; in fact, in my mind he is the likeliest man that could be named as Dr. Angell's successor. Mr. Pinchot is broad gauged, strong, with backbone to put through any needed measure and to see that the measure is maintained afterward. A man exceedingly affable and courteous, and, above all, a man of diplomacy."

"Mr. Pinchot is a man of the day and age, and of the caliber that will keep abreast of the times, and he will be one of the foremost men in the public eye for years and years after most public men of today are laid away on the shelf, as past their usefulness. He is a man of strong character, just such as is needed at the head of such an institution as Michigan when President Angell shall lay down the duties of office."

Mr. Pinchot is highly educated, and has served the government as special commissioner to foreign countries. This training has had a broadening effect upon a man naturally broad in his ideas, and he seems today to be the most logical man for the vacancy that will occur at Michigan when Dr. Angell shall retire from active administrative duties.

JOB FOR ROOSEVELT'S FRIEND

"Tennis Crack" Cooley Appointed Associate Justice of Supreme Court of New Mexico.

Washington.—Alfred W. Cooley, or "Tennis Crack" Cooley, one of the most constant members of the Roosevelt cabinet, was recently nominated by President Taft to be associate justice of the supreme court of New Mexico. Mr. Cooley at one time



Alfred W. Cooley.

was civil service commissioner, and was made assistant attorney general under Roosevelt. He is a tall, broad-shouldered young man, who appears particularly well in flannels, and was the best of tennis players with the exception of Robert Bacon. Mr. Cooley looked athletic, but a year ago his health failed suddenly and he resigned, going to New Mexico. When it was thought, a few months ago, that he had recovered, Mr. Roosevelt again appointed him assistant attorney general, but Mr. Cooley's physician, after examination, refused to approve a change of climate.

Honor for Luther Burbank.

The California club, the largest civic club in San Francisco, has succeeded in getting the birthday of Luther Burbank set aside as bird and arbor day for the state. While the day is not to be a holiday, all public schools and educational institutions are directed to observe it by including in the school work such exercises as will teach the children the economic value of birds and trees and promote a spirit of protection toward them.

A Corner in Northern Lights

By Hugh Pendexter.

Old Irad Biglow's aged eyes became pathetic behind their bushy thatch as he readily deduced his welcome had been exhausted. But he had no settled home and it was imperative that he remain under his Cousin Edgar's roof a bit longer.

"I suppose you've heard how Jim Witham, over in Porter, paid off his mortgage by getting a corner on the Aurora Borealis," he carelessly observed after a long and gloomy silence.

Despite his hostility to the old man's protracted visit, Cousin Edgar was compelled to demand: "What in sin is a Roaring Borealis?"

"It's what we call northern lights," gently explained Irad. "The village had to pay Jim to quit."

A warm glow of avarice filled Cousin Edgar's eyes, and almost softly he insisted: "But how can money be made out of 'em?"

Settling back more comfortably, Irad lazily continued: "Jim must have

pole is a clearing house for electricity and the juice, when on a jamboree, paints the sky several colors. So Jim found a place where the pole had been the year before and being a fox hunter he decided to wait for it to double back.

"Sure enough, it came back one night and started in painting the heavens. Jim, with a big electricity box said, 'Now I have you,' and yanking lever number 2 he sucked into that box 20 quarts of simon-pure, Borealis electricity. Yes, sirree! had it all tanked before you could wink a eye. Of course the rest was simple."

"Simple?" stuttered Edgar. "How?"

Where? When?"

Irad squared his jaw and continued: "Why, Jim come home and on the first night let a little of the stuff loose. In a second the sky was full of the most amazing lights you ever see. People set up all night to watch. The next he turned on some more and the whole



"Had It All Tanked Before You Could Wink an Eye."

made high onto \$800 out of the Aurora. He'd been a scientist if he hadn't been forced to work for a living."

"But how did Jim do it?" begged Edgar.

"Jim was kind of a Aurora tamer," slowly explained Irad. "He got so he understood the ways of the Aurora. Then he captured it and made it sit up on its hind legs and made a handsome thing out of it."

"Irad Biglow, do you know anything about this Borealis?" cried Edgar.

"Certainly do, but hadn't we better wait till I return from Cousin Freeman's?" I swan! It almost seems as if I'd promised to tell him first."

"Irad, you don't leave my roof till you've paid me a decent visit. As for Freeman, he's looking for the dollars. I'm trying to make you feel at home. Let's see, Jim—"

"Jim Witham went up north," nervously began Irad, "where the magnetic pole lives when it's at home. This pole, you know, and he sneezed to gain time, 'is here today and there to-morrow, always loafing in different parts of the country.'"

"A vagrant, eh?"

"As well put as if you'd studied botany all your life," admired the old man. "Well, Jim began to study the ways of the cuss. He knew wherever the pole camped all the electricity of the globe would pass through. The